

# Millennial Star

December, 1951



FOR  
FATHER  
CHRISTMAS

The stockings  
Were hung by the fire with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicolas  
Soon would be there . . .

# A MAN AMONG MEN

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by Brother James P. Hill

**h**ow do you think of Jesus Christ? What can we **know** of Him? While there is much in the Gospels to tell us of the man, Jesus, our minds invariably picture the "meek and lowly lamb," an echo of past Sunday School lessons when we were told only of His miracles and divinity.

Jesus Christ possessed **power** in wisdom, courage, and restraint.

His portraiture has become traditional, and tradition though based on true perception becomes mutilated with the passage of time.

**The only eyewitness description of Him, purported true, has since been proved spurious.**

So perhaps the popular conception of the immaculate, white-robed rabbi is a little erroneous.

He was born of a woman, which gave Him a body like ours. Heart, lungs, liver, muscles, and coursing blood.

He was taught the trade of a manual worker and performed labour which must have developed a strong physique.

The fingers that knotted the cords, and the forearm that wielded the whip were powerful.

He has been called an itinerant preacher, a travelling teacher, even a cabalist by those Jews who give Him credence.

Jesus Christ **walked** up and down Palestine. He possessed little money. For some of the time He was accompanied by twelve men, and the living was communal. Undoubtedly His robes became frayed with wear, and **at times dusty**. His hair, in the hot wind, occasionally became dishevelled. He perspired, and His sandal-shod feet needed washing often. He became tired with travel. So tired once, that He slept in the open, through a storm, in a pitching barque.

He remained alive for several hours while nailed to a cross, with loss of blood. Yet he had the strength to utter, audibly, just before He died, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

**Here was a Man among men.**

He did not dominate them because He was robustly superior, nor quell them with bombastic rhetoric. And He certainly did not compel them through pity.

**It is wrong to picture the effeminately ineffectual Jesus of proverbial Christianity.**

We must be careful in our judgment not to fall between two stones, one of making Him the man-like shell irresistably motivated by the God within, inevitable conqueror of the flesh, the other the spineless character unintelligently submissive, drooping under the heavy burden of His mission.



From a painting by George Hinke

**Christ conquered.** He conquered by tenacity to purpose, strength of mind and body—and love of fellowmen—and that last needs, sometimes, great inner discipline.

Remember He “sweat drops of blood” as He struggled in the final passion.

The author of Hebrews said: “Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered. And being made perfect, He became the author of eternal salvation.”





## THE EARLY YEARS

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by Elder Reid L. Harper

**T**his is the time of year when people's hearts in many lands are turned toward Jerusalem. In all parts of the world the name of Christ brings a deeper longing for peace to the minds of men. The circumstances attending His birth are re-enacted, the thoughts of His ministry stir within us, and we wonder at the gift He gave us at the place called Calvary.

Of the four Gospels, two of them pass over in complete silence the birth, childhood, and young manhood of the Messiah. Of the other two, the one written by Matthew, a tax-gatherer of

Capernaum, tells of the sacred birth, the visit of the Magi, the flight of the little family into Egypt, and their return to Nazareth, and then passing over approximately 28 years, proceeds to the preaching of the Baptist. But to the physician Luke we owe thanks for the most complete account of those early years. Luke very beautifully relates the nativity, the visit of the shepherds, the presentation of the eight day old babe in the temple, the return to Nazareth, and the subsequent visit to the temple at the age of twelve. Then Luke also passes over the inter-

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vening years of the Saviour's life to again take up His narrative when Christ started His earthly ministry.

To the mother, Mary, these intervening years between the glory of His birth and the anxiety of His ministry must have been years of sublime happiness. All four of the evangelists pass over them in hallowed silence. In the second chapter of the Gospel of Luke it is recorded that "the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him." To understand the silent years we must necessarily turn our thoughts to the education which would be afforded a carpenter's son in the Galilean area at that period of time. Probably His sole teachers were His parents. His textbook would have been the Jewish scriptures with their traditional and current commentaries. A part of His spiritual growth undoubtedly came from the little synagogue of which His family were very devout members. A greater part of His wisdom would come from the voice within. He would see in all the acts of nature the hand of God. The freshening of the trees in the spring would teach Him and confirm Him in the belief of a resurrection—His resurrection. As He sat upon the cliffside looking to the west towards Mount Carmel He would be taught the actuality of the challenge Elijah threw at the false prophets of Baal.

Looking south towards Jerusalem, He would glance down into the green plains of Jezreel, and in vision He would recall the tragic fate of Ahab and Jezebel. The significance of these events, and others, would be the preparation for the day of His coming forth as Master. We can be sure the voice of God which directed our Father in Eden must have also communed—and more plainly—with Him.

John Mark has left us a very valuable clue as to the occupation in which the young Saviour was trained. In the sixth chapter of his gospel he tells us the Christ was known as a carpenter among his fellow Nazarenes.

It was the custom in the Jewish race that all should be taught a trade. Even the foremost rabbis of the time liked to be called such names as Joseph the Weaver, or Simon the Tanner or others. The aristocratic young Saul was taught the art of tent making. This idea would be in conflict with the then current trend of the Hellenised world. Labour was looked down upon by the non-orthodox Jews, Romans and Greeks. The dignity of a man would not allow for manual labour. To us, the fact that Christ was a carpenter has added respect to the position of the worker.

The silence of His youthful activities is of itself very interesting. It is entirely in keeping with the prophecies, and with reasoning, that there should be no fanfare attending His youth. "For He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant, and as a root out of dry ground: He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see Him there is no beauty that we should desire Him." (Isaiah 53:2.)

Even though it may leave the person who desires to know every detail of His life insatiated, it is better that the youth remain a stranger to us, than to have invented incidents, such as those of the Apocraphal account fill this silence. These writers who in good intent, set out to prove the divinity of Christ, leave us with some puerile and aimless fantasies—such as when He pulled a short board to the requisite length; or moulded sparrows of clay, and clapped His hands to make them fly. Some of these accounts are even distasteful, as the one telling of the time He supposedly vexed and shamed those who wished to teach Him.

When considering the childhood of Christ we must be mindful that he was about His Father's business at the age of twelve. We must also keep in mind that "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man." Today we are all youths, let us pattern our lives after the youth who died that we might live.

# THREE WITNESSES

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## I.—A SHEPHERD SPEAKS

The day had been an ordinary day,  
December chill made sharper by a wind,  
The sheep, now bedded, had inclined to stray.  
I lost a lamb and found it tightly pinned  
Between a distant thornbush and a stone,  
Too spent to stand. The lamb against my breast,  
I stumbled back and found myself alone.  
My eyes made search and downhill toward the west  
I saw the shepherds off toward Bethlehem.  
I would have followed, but there lay the sheep  
Unguarded but for me. I stayed with them  
And, being weary, fell at once asleep.  
Such glory filled my dreams my senses swam.  
A Voice said, "Blest art thou. I am the Lamb."

## II.—A WISEMAN SPEAKS

They call us wise men, but what man is wise?  
We were three scholars star and scripture famed.  
We knew the prophecies, and when the skies  
Proclaimed the time had come Isaiah named  
We set off toward the West to find this king  
Whose birth could change the very stars around.  
As was the custom, each prepared to bring  
A worthy gift to him when he was found.  
We carried gold and frankincense and myrrh,  
But which of us gave which I can't recall,  
So wonder-filled were we with Him . . . with her . . .  
A King, acknowledged, yet no king at all.  
A King of Souls! We heeded Herod not,  
Aware of portent in this strange, new Thought.

## III.—A PUBLICAN SPEAKS

The town was overfilled by Caesar's tax  
And emptied when the census was complete.  
What hosts I registered! And never lax,  
I finished late, walked home on these two feet.  
Above the hills of Bethlehem that night  
Shown nothing strange. The midnight sky was clear  
And starry as was meet, but not more bright.  
What is this talk about a star I hear?  
Why all this rumour spent on whirring wings  
And angels singing messages to man?  
I have no patience with such occult things.  
I saw and heard all human senses can.  
'Twas nothing but a few souls late to bed  
And the great, blue, empty heavens overhead.



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by Eva Wiles Wangsgaard



IV

All truthful men, but never man could see  
Through time to petal-strewn Jerusalem,  
The Mount, and miracles at Galilee,  
Or Calvary's Rose that grew so tall a stem.  
And none could see the cross of Constantine,  
Columbus and his men, the westward surge,  
Nor sense the age of darkness in between—  
Persuasion and the Protest and the purge.  
And we who have, by Wycliffe's miracle,  
Their future in our past to understand  
Still find the Son of Morning beautiful,  
Proclaim the Christ but take His Brother's hand.  
O, for the shepherd's faith, the Magi's knack  
To know the Christ and choose the right way back!

# WE SEEK AFTER THESE THINGS

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by Professor Parley A. Christensen

Brigham Young University English Department Chairman

It is reported that Thomas Hardy, British poet and novelist, once received an invitation to cast his lot with America. In partial reply to that invitation Hardy wrote a little poem, little in extent but large in thought and sentiment. It was a poem not likely, however, to be fully understood and appreciated on the American side of the Atlantic. No, said Hardy, I prefer old Britain to new America, as I prefer the accumulated experiences of age to the relatively empty garner of youth. Golden as the promises of early years may be, they can hardly compensate for the realised attainments of later life:

My ardours for emprise nigh lost  
Since life has bared its bones to me,  
I shrink to seek a modern coast  
Whose ripper times have yet to be;  
Where the new regions claim them free  
From that long drip of human tears  
Which peoples old in tragedy  
Have left upon the centuried years.

With Hardy, as with Aeschylus, the road of suffering is the way to wisdom. It is from the long drip of human tears, it is from peoples old in tragedy that time gathers and fashions the great legacies with which nations are endowed. Britain has nurtured a great inheritance for her children, and Hardy would remain to share in it.

Few who know the richness of that inheritance would quarrel with Hardy's decision. From the centuried years of Britain's travail has come enrichment for almost every human value. And the world has partaken of that enrichment. If world culture should lose Britain's gifts to science and art, to philosophy and religion, to government and human freedom, what was left would be poor indeed.

It is a great obligation to appreciate and cherish a splendid national inheritance. But it is perhaps an even greater one to know what to do with it. Like the talent of the slothful servant, a national inheritance can be buried and ultimately lost if it lacks dynamic. It was the mission of another great son of Britain to teach the obligation of growth. It was for Matthew Arnold, "the apostle of culture," to remind his countrymen again and again that a real national culture is "not a having and a resting but a growing and a becoming," that a legacy of national experience and accomplishment might be an insidious inducement to stagnation and decay unless it possesses within it the yeast of a divine discontent, unless it gives a stirring vision of a national life infinitely richer than that attained.

Matthew Arnold's message to his people was a call for a continuous quest, an unceasing search for the best that is known and thought and felt in the world. Implicit in it was a great faith in the creative mind and spirit of men, the mind and spirit that knows no national boundaries, no distinctions in race or colour or creed. Through all ages and in all places it has been at work wherever men and women have been responsive to its call. The result is the accumulated and accumulating goodness, truth, and beauty of the world. So in Arnold's thought there is a world inheritance as well as a national one, and a great people is a people that shares in both—appreciatively and creatively.

But the hand of the past is always heavy on the present. What the past has given as an inheritance the present easily holds appreciatively but not creatively. The dominant desire in



men is to preserve, not to improve. Arnold's "Philistine," the eternal enemy of the children of light, the entrenched champion of the things as they are, usually dominates the national scene, and frustrates the searchers for more sweetness and more light. But the ultimate salvation of a nation is its searchers, its critics, the few real lovers of sweetness and light, the few men and women whose lives are a dedicated and disinterested endeavour to see things as they are, to know and propagate the best that is known and thought and felt in the world. To be progressive in the things of the mind and spirit, a people needs not only the Hebraic attitude with its "strictness of conscience," its deep concern about the laws and admonitions of the past, but also the Hellenic attitude with its forward look, its "spontaneity of consciousness," its eager readiness for more light, deeper understanding, richer experience.

To nothing else are Arnold's thoughts more relevant than they are to religion. For to most worshippers religion tends to become more a legacy to be preserved than a gleam to be followed. The history of religions is too frequently the tragic story of greatness lost, of light that failed. It is the story of dynamic beginnings fading into periods of stagnation and decay. Initially, religions are often tremendous adventures in faith, faith in great leaders and in their inspiring visions of the meanings and goals of life. They are forward-looking, expectant, formative. They are free to grow with growing minds in a changing world. Their faith is in a living God,

a creative God whose work is not yet finished.

But decadence and death tend to follow. Later generations do not willingly accept the danger of a high adventure in faith. They prefer the safety and security of a definitely stated creed and a prescribed behaviour. To the freedom and freshness of a vital, formative faith they prefer the comfort of "eternal verities," the satisfaction of congealments of thought and feeling which leave all troublesome questions answered, all agitating doubts resolved. To some of us the inspired insight of Joseph Smith was never more clearly evident than in the utterances which anticipate the tendencies of religion to drift into a hardening of spiritual life. When the Prophet formulated the profession of faith of his people, he did so in terms that called them to be seekers for "whatever is virtuous, lovely or of good report or praiseworthy." Running through the basic doctrines of admonitions of the Church is a call to "eternal progress." As "the glory of God is intelligence" so men can be saved only as they use their intelligence in gaining knowledge. To a people inspired by conceptions like these, religion is infinitely more than a legacy to be preserved; it is a marvellous destiny to be realised. It is not a look backward, but a look forward—Godward.

Latter-day Saints have in their religion then food for a divine discontent, and, in general, they have partaken of it. In some of them there is perhaps too much of Hardy's reverence for heritage and too little of Arnold's pas-

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## THE VOICE OF CHRISTMAS

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### a fugue for the Yuletide

**T**his is your B.B.C. Announcer, the Voice of Christmas, bringing you, the people of Britain, a special holiday feature—the message of the gospels.

“Now it came to pass that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed. So every man went into his own city, and Joseph went up from Galilee into the city of David which is called Bethlehem. He had with him his wife Mary; and there she brought forth her first-born son, and dressed him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger . . .”

“Hush, everyone, and let’s listen to the wireless,” Aunt Emm called to her noisy family. “Come on now, Dirk, and you, Ian, sit by me. Christmas Eve is the time to have one’s family about you.” Her grandchildren stopped playing and gathered themselves on the living room floor at her feet, her daughters-in-law came from the kitchen and stood leaning at the doorway, and even Tin-ribs, the cat, seemed to perk up and listen to the announcer’s well modulated voice.

Aunt Emm loved her family. She had worked long years alone to raise the “God-fearin’” crew, and it was to her credit that all of them had been true to the faith she had embraced. With the exception of her eldest son, now a bishop at Salt Lake City, her whole family was together for the first time in years; this was the reward of her sacrifices, her heartaches, and unending vigil—this was happiness . . .

“There were, in the same country, shepherds keeping watch over their

flocks by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and said unto them, ‘Fear not; for behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. Unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Ye shall find the babe in swaddling clothes lying in a manger’ . . .”

“Turn the radio up a bit louder, will you, Dear?” Jean asked her husband from across the room, “while I turn the tree lights on. The children will be home from the Primary party in a few moments, and we want everything to be just right. After all, Christmas Eve is the nicest time of the year—when you’re young.” He hadn’t caught the intended humour of her last words, but moved automatically to adjust the radio. A smile played at her lips as she watched him unconsciously straighten the clumsily tied package behind the gram’s opened lid, that he probably thought well concealed. He wasn’t listening.

She loved his impenetrable moods. There was something so completely male about them; something she could never quite understand. For instance, now; why the sudden concentration on the Christmas story? She leaned on the back of his chair, and ran a finger through his thick, wirey curls. What goes on in there, she asked herself, searching the years for an answer. The first time she’d noticed her sudden aloneness must have been that day—that day at Hyde Park when they’d heard their first missionary. That was it, Bob had been gay before that. They

walked from the Serpentine to Marble Arch. They listened to Doctor Soper, watched a prayer circle, laughed at a fight two old "dolls" were having, and then, quite suddenly, Jean found herself alone. Bob was standing silent when she found him at the edge of the little group of Mormons, too absorbed to even notice as she put her gloved hand beneath his folded arm. From that afternoon onward he was a changed man. A deep religious interest filled the vacancy left by former indifference.

The next time must have been that day in Sacrament meeting—the day President Richards spoke on eternal marriage. Bob sat enraptured as the meeting closed—oblivious to the dispersing congregation, but from that time on she couldn't have asked for a more understanding husband.

Then, soon after they were baptised, when the Branch President came the night their baby died. He told them why a child had no need for baptism, and how they themselves would one day have the opportunity of raising it. She'd gone to bed alone that night; leaving Bob within himself to find the faith he'd carried since.

And now tonight. Jean settled herself on the floor before the decorated tree, leaned on Bob's firm knee, and listened . . .

**"Suddenly there was a multitude of the Heavenly host singing, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.' Then the shepherds said, 'Let us go now even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass' . . ."**

"Ignore it. There'll be somethin' else on in a minute. Your shuffle, Joe."

Monday evening in Margate was always club night for the boys; Christmas or no Christmas.

"Cut."

"Let's make it a quick hand, fellows. I've gotta call for the old woman by twelve. She will insist on her midnight mass."

"She'll be makin' a priest outa you yet, guvnor." They laughed, and Joe

took another handful of salted crisps.

"Ya know what the actress said to the priest . . ."

**"At this time too, there came wise men to Jerusalem, saying, 'Where is he that is born King of the Jews? We have seen His star in the east and are come to worship him.' When Herod, the King, heard this, he was worried; for his priests had told him the child was to rule the people of Israel. So Herod sent the wise men to Bethlehem, saying, 'When you have found the child, bring me word that I too, may worship Him' . . ."**

"What would you be doing if you were home tonight," Elder Smith asked his companion, as he raked another chestnut from the hearth.

"Oh, I don't know. Perhaps Jill and I would be dancing. Perhaps we'd be skating at the ice club. Maybe I'd be home. What's the dif?"

"Just wonderin'. You know, this is the first time I've been away from home on Christmas."

Tim was homesick—there was no doubt about it. He'd been in the mission field for six weeks, and memories of Montana were yet fresh. The Yorkshire countryside was unusual, and he could hardly understand what Mrs. Watkins, his landlady, said as yet—her dialect seemed so strange.

"It hardly seems like Christmas; there's no tree, no snow, no carols. And I hate that eternal wind." He walked to the front window of their council house sitting room, and drew the curtains.

"Why not turn the rediffusion on, Tim," Elder Young asked, putting another scoop of their limited coal on





the open grate, "maybe we can get A.F.N."

"Mr. Watkin's probably got the Third on again, and I don't think I could take much of Trout or Meerchaum tonight." He switched the knob on the little plastic extension speaker anyway, and settled himself in the huge fireside chair. *Glory to God in the highest* broke over his heart, and settled about him. The beautiful story went on, and on until he felt a glow of warmth. The nativity became a universal thing, and he was glad to be away from home, glad to think that he, in his own way, was helping to spread the message of the Lord's Gospel . . .

"Lo, the star went before the wise men to Bethlehem. They saw the young child with Mary, His mother, and worshipped Him. They presented unto Him gifts, the gifts of the Magi: gold, and frankincense, and myrrh . . ."

"Turn that confounded machine off," Alex Murten shouted across the crowded, smoke-filled dart room of the "Plow and Thistle." "Get another station, or we'll all be weepin'." He eyed the bubbles in the glass of stout before him with seriousness, blew the froth to one side, and took a long drink. His friends were singing, all of them, the Whiffenpoof Song; slightly off key, but good and loud. The night was young, and it was Christmas Eve.



"Alex, old chap," someone cried, slapping him on the back. "You're just the sixth we've been lookin' for. Your date for the evening—Myrna, Myrna?"

"Mackin," the blond giggled.

"Righto. Myrna Mackin. You'll like 'er, Alex. She's a friend a Hazel's."

"Blimey, don't doubt that I will," he replied, taking her all in—from dusty sandals to the tinsel bow in her hair.

"Say, ain't this livin'," she giggled, pulling a sprig of mistletoe from her bag, and holding it above Alex's head.

"Yeah, but wait'll I turn that flippin' wireless off . . ."

"Being warned of God that Herod sought to kill the child, the wise men returned home another way; and Joseph fled into Egypt with Mary and the child. From there they went into the land of Israel and dwelt in the city Nazareth. So came to pass the words of the prophets: 'He shall be called a Nazarene' . . ."

It was fortunate for Paul that Alicia was a member of the church, too. They were in love, and Paul knew that it was right. He'd waited a long time for a suitable girl to come along, and here she was beside him. They'd been sitting in his '38 Vauxhall listening to the Christmas message from the little radio. *On earth peace, goodwill toward men*, the voice said. Paul buried his face in Alicia's soft hair. If only he were out of the service, if they could marry now, have children, a home. *Peace, goodwill.*

Alicia listened to the beautiful account that stirred so many things within her. Christ was always near but especially so tonight. She watched Paul's thoughtful face, and with a playful finger traced the words, I love you, across his forehead until the furrows disappeared, and he too felt her serenity—and smiled . . .

"And Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart."

A.E.

# THE MIRACLE OF CHRISTMAS

by Maxine Shepherd

**T**he myth of the beautiful Pandora and her trouble-laden box has been known to the world for many generations. Let us imagine another box now, averse to this evil container, the contents of which the greater part of the world has not carefully examined. This box we shall call "Christmas." Appropriately named, for this is the season when we become more conscious of inner values. The season when the spirit of this box "dares men to be their best selves."

This year we feel a greater need than ever to know the warmth and peace that the gems from our newly created box have to offer, so let's not hesitate to look inside.

As we lift the lid a miracle fills us with awe; there before us lie the true qualities of greatness. The qualities possessed by Him, whose birth we are commemorating.

**Love** shines out above all else, for Love is the most powerful of virtues. Love can tear down human barriers of indifference. It can cast away crime and evil. Love can cleanse a soiled heart and mind. It is the miracle of Love that brings peace, hope and joy to the souls of all mankind.

Beside this priceless gem we see the glow of **Faith**. It is Faith in ourselves that encourages us to begin a new task, and work toward a successful completion. It is our Faith in people that leads us to trust and love them. And it is our Faith in God and His promises of eternal blessings that gives purpose to our living.

There too, we see **Unselfishness**. It is the service we give that will dust away all traces of greed we may have in our hearts. It is our unselfish giving that makes the day a little brighter for someone else. Yet we gain more than they, for the richest kind of joy and satisfaction comes from giving.

**Tolerance** too, has its place beside these three. It dissolves the malice in our hearts and leaves open minds. It is the necessary link in the chain of races. Goodwill and brotherhood are the fruits of Tolerance.

The splendour of these qualities of greatness fills our souls with a new determination to cultivate them to their fulness in our own lives. We are now made to realise that if we use these—Love, Faith, Unselfishness, and Tolerance—as our weapons against the evils in Pandora's box, many personal and world troubles will be overcome, for these are the gems of the Christmas Miracle.



## IS IT TOO LATE ?

by Christie Lund Coles

We seemed to have forgotten song and Star,  
Had travelled foreign ways in search of peace,  
Almost oblivious that there was one far,  
Unsullied dream to build upon, to increase  
The strength within us, guide us surely forth  
To the unending richness of the soul.  
Yet, here tonight we know the manger's worth,  
We know the price of sin and war's fierce toll.  
Though we walked in darkness and futility,  
Barren of hope, our minds tempered to steel,  
Tonight we seek His true humility,  
His strength to save, to comfort and to heal.  
We follow shepherds, bow our heads in prayer,  
Is it too late to find Him cradled there ?

*(Illustrated by Peggy Scott)*



# THE CHRISTMAS I MISSED

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by Thomas E. Cheney

**a** beautiful little valley no more than ten miles across, deep in the mountains of rugged western America, was my home. We lived in town, a little hamlet about two miles from the mountains to the south. Three days before Christmas in 1918 my school teacher sister came home, sick, from the lower valley where she attended a teachers' meeting.

Months before, influenza had struck like a plague, and, following in its wake, death took twelve of our three hundred residents, one of whom was the doctor. But our family had escaped the disease. Now, sometime later, disease spread again unwelcomed, and the lower valley residents again felt the tragedy of epidemic.

On the morning of December 24th my teacher-sister lay in bed with a cough and fever while my mother and my older sister and I did the chores. Mother built the fire and I brought in more wood. We were up early, for work was to be done to make Christmas merry. When breakfast time came we ate ravenously, but not before we had knelt for family prayer. That morning my mother prayed especially for preservation of her family from pestilence and disease if it be the Lord's will. I know now that she was afraid and felt a special need for the help of the Lord that day.

While she prepared to make the cake, pie, doughnuts, and popcorn balls for Christmas, I would get a Christmas tree from the canyon.

I saddled Dolly, my white pony, strapped the axe to the right side of the saddle, and galloped off for a two-mile ride to the foothills where trees were plentiful. Though snow covered the ground and refrigerated the air, the sun was warm, my coat thick, and

my heart happy. I had found a pretty tree and had started for home, carrying it across the saddle in front of me, when suddenly I shivered and felt cold. It was a sudden chill like jumping into the pond, and I was so tired I wanted to lie down.

Farmer Sherman's hay stack close by the road had been cut on the south side with a hay knife, and the shelf of dry, green hay about four feet high catching the warmth of the sun invited me. I dismounted from my pony, threw the reins over a post of the stack-yard fence, stood the tree by the wire, and climbed on to the hay, shaking with cold like an aspen leaf. I lay against the southern slope of hay where the sun concentrated its rays and where I was protected from the wintry breeze. The sun warmed me. How long I rested I do not know. I wanted to stay there, but I knew I could not and must go home.

As I climbed from the stack and went for my pony, I saw that she had two heads which moved in unison and then moved together and amalgamated into one. On her back again and starting toward home with the tree across the saddle, I whipped her to a gallop, for I must hurry. My head swam, however, until I felt insecure and I reined her to a walk. Though I hated to disappoint my little sister and brother by not bringing a tree, I let it fall to the side of the road; my only concern now was to get home myself. I lay down on my pony's neck and said, "Dolly, take me home." I remember how the saddle horn dug into my breast bone, and I would sit upright until exhausted and cling to the horn to keep from falling; then I would drop to the pony's neck again with

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## SONG OF LOVE

**d**uring the past year the British Mission has sponsored a campaign of love and kindness. Its effects have been remarkable, and will be visible for years to come. Most of us now more fully realise the value of the Nature Boy's philosophy—the greatest thing you'll ever learn is just to love and be loved in return.

Everyman—to have the essential joy spoken of by Joseph Smith, and happiness—must have the knowledge that our universe has a purpose, and that he, himself, has a vital place in the scheme of things. Love is the only key to that lock of complete contentment. Love of God (Joshua 22:5), love of neighbour (Roman 13:9), love of enemy (Matt. 5:44), love of companion (Ephesians 5:33), and love of good (Amos 5:15).

The word itself has different connotations to many people; yet most of us today agree that not until we reach a period in the unknown future, approximating Mr. Well's society of Selenite, will love be unnecessary.

God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that all men might have everlasting life. And Christ so loved mankind that He formulated, taught, and gave the world a plan of salvation-by-love. He sought to win men to the will of His Father in Heaven through love; His gospel was one of universal brotherhood; and in love He gave His life to atone for the sins of the world.

Man was never meant to be a solitary animal. He is a social being, and God meant for him to have companionship. Psychologists bear this fact out by stating that unless a person finds another to love better than himself, he'll never be happy. If one has someone, anyone, with whom to share experiences, he can remain content. Absorbing oneself in love-of-others will lead one to the great truth that "sharing" is the secret of peace-of-mind. Loneliness, either spiritually or physically, is harmful to one's mental make-up. In our Church we have a personal God, a being whom we can understand and place complete trust in; a society where all are equal, and all are friends; and a more complete understanding of marriage and family relationships to satisfy these demands.

If we do not love fully, and keep all of Christ's teachings, we must discipline ourselves, and strive harder. When we accepted baptism we did so to show our love of God, and we would not want to break any promises to the one who said, "If a man love me he will keep my words." We must be constant and zealous in our love of deity, self, and all mankind; when we find ourselves slipping we should again read the fifth verse, twenty-sixth chapter of Alma—"And now behold, I say unto you, my brethren, if ye have experienced a change of heart, and if ye have felt to sing the song of redeeming love, I would ask, can ye feel so now?"

**R.L.P.**

# YOUR MISSIONARIES



**Slayner Richards**  
British Mission President

**Jane T. Richards**  
Mission Relief Society President



**James R. Cunningham**  
1st Counselor

**Rhona Cunningham**

**Robert F. Clyde**  
2nd Counselor



**Kenneth M. Smith**  
Mission Secretary

**Reta Miller**  
Secretary to President



**Barbara Jarman**  
Mission Recorder

**Richard L. Pope**  
Millennial Star



**Reid L. Harper**  
Literature Department

**James D. Brown**  
Mission Accountant



**Douglas A. Wallace**  
Mission Architect

**Russell C. Robertson**  
Special Representative



**Raymond S. Kellis**  
Special Representative



## HULL DISTRICT

**BACK ROW.**—Robert P. Romney, Stephen H. Love, E. Richard Hedman, George A. Fletcher, Robert H. Hales, Calvin J. Weeks, Richard W. Heninger

**FRONT ROW.**—Richard T. Rowley, Clair L. Wyatt, Bernice Bullock, LuJean Dunn, James H. Hayes, Richard N. Ord, Ronald S. Archibald



## IRISH DISTRICT

**BACK ROW.**—Martin G. Reeder, LoEne B. Cooley, M. Dallas Burnett, Doris C. Horlacher, W. Duwayne Koplín

**FRONT ROW.**—Arnold J. Dance, Glade H. Calder, John C. Bryner



## WELSH DISTRICT

**BACK ROW.**—Regent J. Howard, Golden L. Cahoon, David P. Forsyth, Don K. Whatcott, Edward C. Cahoon

**FRONT ROW.**—Michael M. Austin, Wayne C. Evans, Alice L. Wood, Blair C. Holman, Jane Thompson, Howard L. Rogers, Dean H. Seely



## LONDON DISTRICT

**BACK ROW.**—Phil M. Gillies, Grover J. Hawkins, Reed S. Walker, Charles F. McGuire, Jess W. Bromley, Earl A. McKenna, Jack L. Marble

**MIDDLE ROW.**—Marlin H. Imes, Rex L. Smith, Edward H. Southwick, Gerald W. Litchfield, Reed D. Bernston, F Karl Egan, Grant H Pilling, Jed Owen

**FRONT ROW.**— Paul S. Ashdown, Dean D. Carroll, Herbert W. Wilkinson, Viri R. Nuttall, Phillip P. Taylor



## BIRMINGHAM DISTRICT

**BACK ROW.**—Ralph D. Steiner, Todd M. Shepherd, Robert K. Peel, Wayne A. Lloyd  
**MIDDLE ROW.**—Samuel H. Lee, Bernard W. Baker, Arthur C. Day, Basil H. Dunn, W. Wallace  
Leatham, Glenn A. Wardrop, Bryant L. Stringham  
**FRONT ROW.**—Jane E. Russell, Yvonne M. Drake, Joyce R. Swann, Ivan L. Carbine, Albert E.  
Eves, Esther S. Eves, Rose J. Halling



## BRISTOL DISTRICT

**BACK ROW.**—Richard F. Jones, E. Kent Albrand, Jay W. Burt, Roland J. Smith, Robert L.  
Ellsworth, Leslie R. Hunter, Peter J. Bullock, Don R. Mathis  
**MIDDLE ROW.**—Robert L. Wolz, Thomas L. Evans, Farrell W. Kimball, Kenneth R. Lloyd,  
James B. Wasden, Boyd L. Cullimore, Glen E. Saunders  
**FRONT ROW.**—Lorene Cheney, James R. Cunningham, Stayner Richards, Paul S. Crockett,  
Lyndon G. Eakett



## LIVERPOOL DISTRICT

**BACK ROW.**—Rulon Litchfield, Wendol M. Murray, Joseph D. McDonald, W. Edwin Dibble, Gary L. Huxford, Trulan V. Rockwood, Jay V. Christensen, Franklin E. Matheson  
**FRONT ROW.**—Harold P. McEwan, James L. Aitken, Gordon S. Thatcher, Ida W. Taylor, J. Marlow Taylor, Oliver D. Ostler, David Smith, Gary L. Love



## NORWICH DISTRICT

**BACK ROW.**—Kyle S. Ransom, Robert D. Hatch, Brian G. Mottishaw, Stephen H. Anderson, Richard D. Sperry, Rao H. Lindsay, Ronald S. Hanson, Donald V. Steele  
**MIDDLE ROW.**—Rufus O. Phelps, Ramon H. Townsend, Franklin D. Cummings, Norma Weight, Winifred L. Phelps, Elayne Salmon, Harold Jones, James B. Allen, Danford L. Crane  
**FRONT ROW.**—Howard Heslington, Erick A. Rosenvall, Stanley C. Mann, Albert W. Nielsen, Robert W. Bowman

## MANCHESTER DISTRICT

**BACK ROW.**—LaGrande K. Anderson, George H. Earl, Rulon L. Marcusen, Lewis L. Judd, James M. Grow, Glen W. Vance, Warren J. Ashton, Joseph C. Smith, L. Raymond Gardiner  
**FRONT ROW.**—Milton Q. Beck, DeVaugh C. Petersen, Richard L. Dewsnup, Lois Hess, Sara-Beth Barnes, Franklin D. Williams, John G. McKellar, Paul E. Empey



## NOTTINGHAM DISTRICT

**BACK ROW.**—Danford C. Bickmore, Leonard C. McKay, Floyd L. Barfuss, Robert L. Hamric, Teddy L. Hanks, Garratt T. Beesley, Francis W. Brown, L. Ray Huff, H. James Christensen, Kenneth L. Noall, Lloyd P. Oldham  
**FRONT ROW.**—Rulon R. Adams, Lincoln B. Sorensen, Kenneth E. Coombs, Sem D. Astle, Howard E. Dransfield, Marshall T. Burton, Velay Lewis, June E. Barlow, Elaine P. Ostler, Erika H. Cummings, Lydia O. Oldham



. . . and lo I am with you alway,

## SCOTTISH DISTRICT

**BACK ROW.**—Robert A. Hague, Earl R. Prete, Darrell F. Smith, Lorin L. Jones, James L. Aitken, Jed K. McGregor, Douglas E. Clark, Frederick S. Buchanan

**MIDDLE ROW.**—Zelda F. Cuthbert, Marilyn Davis, Warren B. Davis, John K. Dunn, Roydon R. Shurtz, Job F. Measom, M. LaGrande Rowan, Kenneth H. Anderson, Richard L. Wright, Grant D. Winward

**FRONT ROW.**—Lloyd H. Martin, Martha J. Martin, Ruth S. Hilton, Eugene Hilton, Russell C. Robertson, Stayner Richards, Robert F. Clyde, Clifford N. Cutler, Patricia R. Hilton, Sara-Beth Barnes, Barbara R. Hardy



## LEEDS DISTRICT

**BACK ROW.**—Grant G. Pitcher, Merrill T. Phelps, Ray H. Wood, Frank E. Jacobsen

**FRONT ROW.**—James L. Kimball, Darrel D. Lee, Theron L. Swainston, J. Henry Clarke



## NEWCASTLE DISTRICT

**BACK ROW.**—Boyd L. Cullimore, Lawrence R. Hunsaker, E. Kent Albrand, Norman J. Montgomery, Doyle K. Morgan, Geoffrey L. Spencer, Rulon R. Adams

**MIDDLE ROW.**—William H. Crandall, Arthur G. Bliss, Russell B. Shields, Gordon E. Sloan, J. Byron Puffer, Forrest K. Wood, J. Hollis Cordingley, L. Ray Huff, Delbert L. Gough

**FRONT ROW.**—Alton Hunter, Kate N. Gibby, Russell C. Robertson, Robert F. Clyds, James R. Cunningham, James D. Bench, David D. Barclay, Kerma Merrill



## SHEFFIELD DISTRICT

**BACK ROW.**—Arthur J. Anderson, Robert V. Thurston, Roger L. Bown, John L. Knight

**FRONT ROW.**—Keith E. Francis Blair Cole, John R. Hulme, Joseph W. Brewer



by Richard L. Pope

From the amethyst heathered hills of Kent,  
Revolving silently in holly and green ivy,  
To cloud-laced Durham skies and ancient Beaulieu,  
The Christmas spirit trails new wonderment.  
Mornings wander knee-deep in soft spume of fog  
Until the lemon sun of English noon dissolves  
The phoenix day, and yuletide afternoons devolve  
To Wenceslas-reverberating night and flaming log.

Shepherds and wise Magi whirl from heath to moor,  
Through lea and lee to find the stable door—  
Reined to the brilliant, sky-flung Christmas star  
By Britains proud of noble faith and heritage—  
Wandering two thousand years in pilgrimage  
To spread the message of Christ's birth afar.



## FROHLICHE WEINNACHTEN . . .

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by Vesta Ann Ball, Swiss-Austrian Mission

“**S**tille Nacht, Heilige Nacht . . .”  
echoes across the snow-spread  
valleys. Tonight is Christmas Eve.

You and I are suspended in the sky,  
supported on the wings of imagination.  
Below us, in all the crystal beauty of a  
moonlit night, is Switzerland. The  
moon rides high and the snow reflects  
a million diamond points of light.

Viewed from this height we can see  
that Switzerland is but a small coun-  
try—perhaps a fifth the size of Britain.  
To the south we see the line of  
majestic Alps, who seem to brood in  
their purple shadows like myriad  
sphinxes carved by God's almighty  
hand for the pleasure of His earth  
children.

We can see that over the entire  
land, the houses glow with fire and  
candle light; everywhere joy is found  
in celebrating the birth of a child born  
less than two thousand years ago in  
Bethlehem.

Let us go down and share, unseen,  
the joy of this evening with some  
family. Where shall we go? No, not  
to the city . . . perhaps over there  
. . . see! The humble group of build-  
ings in that valley. Let us visit that  
house, for we can hear the children  
laughing, and it is the children that  
make the magic of a Christmas Eve.

See! The house itself is humble;  
strongly built, it has stood here for  
three or four generations. The roof is  
made of slate, and see how the cows  
and pigs share half the house. Can

you smell the fresh scent of hay from  
the filled attic?

Here is the family! Ah, now we  
know why children laughed, it was  
*Tannenbaum* blazing with candle light,  
and decorated with nuts and apples  
and silver tinsel and brightly coloured  
balls.

Heidi, with her long fair braids, is  
enchanted, for a tree with candles is  
a wonder of wonders, and so beautiful  
that she can never see enough.

Grandmother and Grandfather sit  
quietly, wrapped in warm shawls by  
the big tile stove that half fills the  
room. That person reading from the  
big family Bible must be the father of  
the children.

What is that? Someone has knocked  
on the door. It is a lady dressed in  
white, with a silver crown on her head.  
*Das Christ Kind* is here with gifts for  
all. See the laughing faces of Peter,  
Vreneli and the baby—who isn't quite  
sure what it is all about.

All the children are sure to receive  
a gift. They all remember clearly that  
on December 6th St. Niklaus came to  
remind them to be good—all dressed  
up in his dark brown robe. In his  
black knapsack he had long thin  
switches as reminders to the bad boys  
and girls, and cookies, nuts, and fruit  
for the good ones.

Each child must sing a little song  
or say a little verse before being  
allowed to accept their gift.

We can see that the gifts *Das Christ*



*Kind* brings are practical ones. Peter has received a pair of handsome, wooden-soled shoes, and a pair of long, grey hand-knitted stockings. Heidi has a new red woollen bonnet and mittens to match. Vreneli receives a thick, warm scarf and gloves.

Now the children bring out the gifts they have made for their parents. Vreneli, 13, has knitted a sweater for her father. She learned to knit in the first class at school. Now she is an accomplished master and knits so fast her fingers blur. Heidi, who is only in the third class has made mother several dishcloths, knitted from coarse string. Both little girls will through their lives knit endless rows of stockings, scarfs, sweaters, etc., as they in turn become mothers and grandmothers. Peter brings forth a beautifully polished letter-opener, painstakingly carved for his father from a piece of cherry wood.

Gifts are exchanged with joy and thankfulness, and finally, amidst en-

treaties to stay, *Das Christ Kind* leaves with promises to return next year. But the evening is not yet over. Smell that refreshing odour of *Pfeffermuntzee* served with *Lebrucken* or *Birnbrot*, special Christmas cakes.

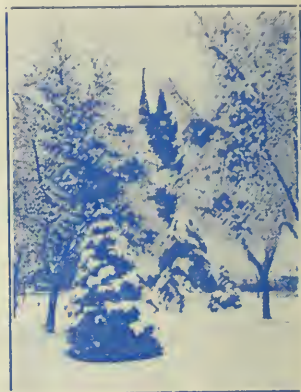
After eating, the baby, still clutching his new rag doll, is tucked in warm security beneath his *Federdecke*, and the family bundles sleepily off to bed.

In this humble home we have glimpsed again the universal magic and joy of Christmas. Perhaps we would have seen much the same thing in any home we could have visited. Switzerland is small in size, though her Kantons contain over four and a half million people. Perhaps the speech or dress or house or customs of celebrating may have been different, but the underlying significance is the same.

"*Heilige Nacht, Stille Nacht,*" expresses our thankfulness and humility for one of the greatest blessings that God, in His mercy, has given us.



# THE LORD'S DAY



by Elder James D. Brown

**T**he Lord has directed His people to rest one-seventh of their time, so we take the first day of the week, and call it our Sabbath. This is according to the order of all Christians. We should observe this for our own temporal and spiritual welfare. Six days are enough for us to work, and if we wish to play, play on the seventh day. Come to the place of worship, attend to the sacrament, and pay attention to the ordinances of the house of God.

The Lord has planted within us a divinity; and the divine immortal spirit requires to be fed. Will earthly food answer for that purpose? No, it will only keep this body alive as long as the spirit stays within it. That divinity within us needs food from the fountain from which it emanated. It is not of the earth, earthy, but is from heaven. Principles of eternal life, of God and godliness, will alone feed the immortal capacity of man and give true satisfaction.

When a man opens or closes a meeting with prayer, every man, woman, and child in the congregation who professes to be a Saint should have no

desire or words in their hearts but those being offered by the man who is mouth for the whole congregation.

"I would exhort my brethren and sisters to receive (the sacrament) every Sabbath, when they meet together, as is our practice; not following the custom of others, for with some denominations this is administered once a month, with others once in three months, with others never, they not believing in outward ordinances. We are in the habit of partaking of the cup each Sabbath when we meet together, and I do pray you, my brethren and sisters, to contemplate this ordinance thoroughly, and seek unto the Lord with all your hearts that you may obtain the promised blessings by obedience to it. Teach its observance to your children; impress upon them its necessity. Its observance is as necessary to our salvation as many other of the ordinances and commandments that have been instituted in order that the people may be sanctified, that Jesus may bless them and give unto them His spirit, and guide and direct them that they may secure

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**The Author:** Elder Brown, assistant secretary of the mission, and originally from Santa Monica, California, has been in Great Britain since March. This article is the last of a trilogy setting forth certain responsibilities of church membership; the preceding ones were "The Lord's Portion" in the May issue, and "The Lord's Health Law" in July's.

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unto themselves life eternal." — Brigham Young.

It is one of the greatest blessings we could enjoy, to come before the Lord and before the angels, and before each other, to witness that we remember that the Lord Jesus Christ died for us. This proves to the Father that we remember our covenants, that we love His gospel, that we love to keep His commandments, and to honour the name of the Lord Jesus upon the earth.

The Sabbath also contributes to our physical well being. Six days is the allotted time for work, and on the seventh the body requires change and rest. What is true of the body is also true of the mind and the spirit. The comfort and peace which we obtain by observance of the Sabbath help to keep us well, in mind as in body. Observance of the Sabbath gives us that perspective which is so essential to a proper evaluation of the infinitude of life.

"I have found," says Hale, "by long and sound experience that the due observance of the Sabbath day, and of the duties of it, have been of singular comfort and advantage to me. The observance of the day 'hath ever had' joined to it a blessing on the rest of my time; and the week so begun has been blessed and prosperous to me."

Be a missionary, capitalise on the Sabbath and make full use of its many merits. Make it a day of prayer, a day of repentance, a day of worship, a day of spiritual growth, a day of rest from the ordinary activities, and, finally, a day of enjoyment with your family and friends. Be a missionary for the Sabbath. Extend its influence to your neighbours and circle of associates. Set others the example of Christian living. Remember that Christianity means positive action. It has "do's" as well as "don'ts." Observe the don'ts, but be sure you are a doer also. Your score will be kept by the things which you accomplish for yourself, your acquaintances, and the glory of God.

Regular attendance at church lays

the foundation of a good life. Without spiritual footings, your house will be built upon the sands, and the storms will wash it away. In the hurricane of worldly events, you will have no Rock of Ages to cling to. People sin; people commit crimes, people wallow in vice—all because they are without faith and guidance. The man and woman with faith and understanding would not—cannot—do serious wrong. It is entirely against their nature. They would no more think of hurting a stranger than they would think of hurting their own child. They do not lie, cheat, or steal simply because such spiritual convictions. And the best conduct is entirely against their way, the surest way, to become an up-church regularly and to observe the right man among men is to attend Sabbath with humility and dignity and spiritual sincerity. Go to church every Sunday, fifty-two weeks in the year, and your fears will disappear, your soul will be cleansed, and you will face the future with the courage gained from the Lord's inspiration.

**Fast Day and Church Welfare:** "Let me promise you here today that if the Latter-day Saints will honestly and conscientiously from this day forth, as a people, keep the monthly fast and pay into the hands of their bishops the actual amount that they would have spent for food for the two meals from which they have refrained; and if in addition to that, they will pay their honest tithing, it will solve all of the problems in connection with taking care of the Latter-day Saints. We would have all the money necessary to take care of all the idle and all the poor."—Brigham Young.

"Every living soul among the Latter-day Saints that fasts two meals once a month will be benefited spiritually and be built up in the faith of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, benefited spiritually in a wonderful way, and sufficient means will be in the hands of the bishops to take care of all the poor."—Heber J. Grant.

—continued on page 299





## THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

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### Angel Song by Yvonne Drake

There were only five days more before Christmas and tonight Father had brought home a real Christmas tree to be trimmed with ornaments, tinsel, and fairy lights. Father, Mother, Jerry and Jane were sitting together in the cosy living room with only the fairy lights and the dancing flames from the fireplace to light the room.

As the little family sang "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" Jane looked up at the tree and seeing the angel at the top thought how lovely it looked. She wouldn't have been a bit surprised if the angel had begun singing with them. Mother must have been thinking about the same thing for she said, "The angel does look lovely doesn't it? She reminds me of a story I heard somewhere. Would you like to hear it?"

"Oh, yes," said Jerry, so Mother began her story.

"There had never been such excitement in Heaven. Every angel felt as if he had butterflies in his stomach for this was the day set to select the members of a very special choir. Those who were chosen would be the ones to tell the world that Jesus had been born and would have the great joy of singing lullabies and praises to that baby King.

Every angel had been practicing for weeks. The great Heavenly Choir, the Junior Angel Choir, and the Infant

Angel Choir had each spent long hours in practice for this great event, and each member, including Elsie, who belonged to the Infant Angel Choir, hoped that he might win a chance to sing for the Christ Child.

Elsie's heart was pounding as she hurried along to the Great Hall where the tryouts were to be held. "Oh, I must be chosen," she said, "so I can show the Baby Jesus how much I love Him."

The Choir Master and the judges were just taking their places as Elsie slipped into the hall and sat down. One by one the singers in the great Heavenly Choir sang their song. Elsie was so happy as she listened that she quite forgot her own excitement, and when her name was called she was able to walk quite calmly to the platform in the front of the Great Hall for her turn to sing.

When the choir leader saw Elsie he hesitated a moment, then said, "Elsie, this is going to be a long journey and being the smallest angel I am afraid the trip will be too hard for you. You will not need to sing for us now."

"Oh, please sir," said Elsie trying not to cry, "I can make the journey. I must be able to see the Christ Child and sing my song for Him. I have practised it for so long, please let me try! And with that she began to sing her song of praise. Her voice was so sweet and clear and so full of

love that every one in the Great Hall marvelled at the loveliness of her song, and there was not a sound as she finished singing. Every one looked at the Choirmaster and were happy to see a smile upon his lips. "Your song is indeed very lovely and I am sure it will please the Christ Child," said the Choirmaster.

"Oh thank you sir, thank you," said Elsie, and as she hurried home she softly sang again her lullaby for the baby King."

"That was a beautiful story, Mother," said Jane, "our Christmas tree angel will always remind me of the birth of Jesus and the lovely angels who sang of Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men."

### LET'S MAKE AN ANGEL

A project in which all the family can participate is the decorating of the Christmas tree. Even baby fingers can be guided to hang the unbreakable ornaments. In fact each can help make ornaments. Try making Christmas angels each with a face of one of the members of the family. To do this, cut a very lacy paper doily, five inches in diameter. Make the cuts as if you were cutting a large third out of a pie. Cut from the outside to within a quarter-inch of the centre. Next cut this third in half again

cutting to within a quarter-inch of the centre of the doily (a). This will form the wings of the angel. The two-thirds of the doily will form the skirt and body of the angel by pasting together the two edges (b). Cut a face of the angel from one of your family snapshots or from an old Christmas card and paste on (d). Hang the angel on the Christmas tree with a cord (c).

### SNOWMAN

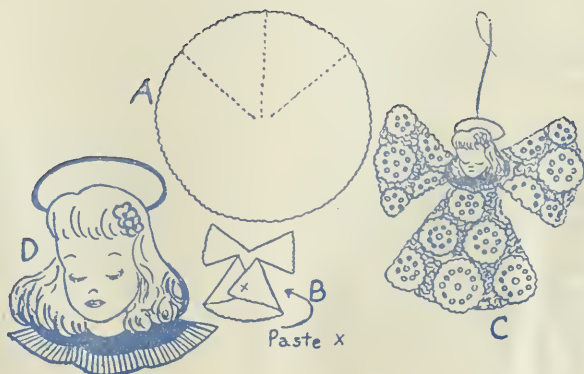
Once there was a snowman,  
Who stood outside the door,  
He thought he'd like to come inside  
And play upon the floor.

Thought he'd like to warm himself  
By the firelight red,  
Thought he'd like to climb  
Upon the big white bed.

So he called the North Wind,  
"Help me, Wind, I pray,  
I'm completely frozen,  
Standing here all day."

So the North Wind came along  
And blew him in the door.  
Now there's nothing left of him,  
But a puddle on the floor.

(Our sincere thanks to the unknown author.)



**a  
house  
or**



**A  
HOME ?**

by Veloy Lewis

**I**nstructions for the celebration of Christmas came from heaven itself in these words, "Give Glory to God on High." What greater glory, what richer gift can parents offer to their Saviour than a righteous home? Christmas should be home at its best. The influence created during the Yuletide should remain for weeks to come. May each home observe a Christmas which will bind them closer together in love and give glory to their God. Work together! Play together! The memories the heart remembers are those shared as a family. Possibly a few of the following suggestions will aid you in planning your family Christmas.

If you have saved last year's Christmas cards you can do wonders. The smaller figures can be cut out and used for seals and stickers on packages and gifts. Others may be used in making favours and place cards for a party or the Christmas dinner table. For instance here is a card with a lovely snow scene and home. With sharp pointed scissors cut around the top of the house and

scene. Now fold at a line even with the bottom of the house. The paper makes a stand for the place card and leaves the house, etc., standing in silhouette. The very largest figures may be used the same way on the mantelpiece to depict a Christmas scene. Combined with a little cotton wool, holly, and imagination much can be done.

#### FLOATING CANDLES

If you have any left-over candles, these may be cut in fine bits to make floating candles. These can be made in interesting shapes using biscuit cutters and jelly molds as the forms. Be sure to save the wick as you cut. These will form the wicks for new candles. After the candle is cut, place it over hot water in a double boiler to melt. Meanwhile, tie the wick to a matchstick or a thin pencil leaving one end free to hang down into the mold. If the pencil or match is placed over the mold the wick will be held in position while you pour the wax into the new mold. When the candles are completely melted, pour the liquid paraffin into the mold slowly taking care to



keep the wick centred. Save a small quantity of the hot wax as a small depression will be left around the wick as the candle cools. This can be filled in with the bit of remaining wax. Let the candles cool thoroughly before trying to remove. If coloured candles are desired, add crayons to the hot mixture. Can you picture a low bowl filled with floating star-shaped candles surrounded by sprigs of holly?

#### SNOWFLAKE CENTREPIECE

Another interesting centre piece can be made by placing white moth balls in a coloured liquid. (Water may be coloured with a little cake colouring.) Add a tiny piece of dry ice from time to time and the water will be kept "boiling," making the mothballs revolve like so many snowflakes.

#### CHRISTMAS CARDS

It is so much nicer to have Christmas cards which are personal and such a project can give the family a pleasant evening of enjoyment. Lovely cards can be printed with a potato block. Select a large potato and cut it in half lengthwise. Choose a simple silhouette from one of your old Christmas cards. Trace this on to the cut surface of the potato. Now with a paring knife cut away to a depth of a quarter to half an inch of the potato leaving the design standing in relief. In other words, cut down a quarter of an inch all parts except the part you wish printed on the card. Paint the design on the potato using water colours. Use as little water as possible. Block print the design on to art paper, and a bit of a message, and your card is finished.



#### BUTTERSCOTCH OAT SQUARES

"Crispy, chewy—like candy"

- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup margarine, melted
- 1 cup brown sugar (firmly packed)
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla flavouring
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 2 cups Scotts rolled oats.

Combine sugar, baking powder and oats. Add margarine and vanilla. Blend thoroughly. Spread thinly in ungreased cake tins. Two tins (8 in. x 8 in. x 2 in.) or equivalent are required.

Bake in moderately hot oven for eight to ten minutes until golden brown. Remove from oven. Allow to stand for five minutes. Cut in squares. Allow to cool thoroughly before removing.

#### CHRISTMAS PUDDING

What is Christmas without puddings? It is sometimes expensive to make or buy as many as we would like. So try the following recipe. It is less expensive than some and good too.

- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. grated raw carrots.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. grated raw potatoes.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sugar.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. chopped suet or  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of margarine.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. raisins.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. currants, dates or nuts or fruit mix.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. flour.
- 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons of boiling water.
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon.
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt.

Mix all ingredients and steam three hours or more. Serve with custard or lemon sauce.

#### LEMON SAUCE

- 4 oz. sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. boiling water.
- 1 oz. butter.
- 1 oz. lemon juice.
- 3 teaspoons of cornflour.
- Pinch of salt and nutmeg.

Mix sugar and cornflour. Add water, stirring constantly. Boil five minutes. Remove from fire and add lemon juice, butter and nutmeg. Serve hot.

# MY HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS



by Edna S. Dustin

With my mind's eye I scan  
The files of my brain  
For my happiest Christmas;  
Again and again  
I return to the page—  
The first printed copy  
Golden with age.

The print comes alive,  
A miniature me  
Half as high  
As my five foot three  
Hugging a doll  
By Christ's birthday tree.

Her thick braids cradled  
With bright crimson bows;  
Freckles like gingersnaps  
Speckle her nose.  
The lights from the candles  
Dance in her eyes  
As they twirl on each branch  
From the knob of her knee  
To the Bethlehem star  
Pointing the tree—

Pirouette through the loops  
Of bright paper chains  
Strings of popcorn  
And peppermint canes—  
On the floor they twirl  
With the amber flame  
From the kerosene lamp  
And back again  
In the eyes astride  
Of the speckled nose,  
As the pot-bellied stove  
With its toothless grin  
Crunches wood bones  
And watches them,  
And the chubby hands  
Patting the shawl  
Around the face  
Of the sawdust doll—

I wipe a tear  
Defusing the page  
And focus my lens  
To the world's eye  
And wonder why  
That magic page  
Was my happiest Christmas.

## WE SEEK AFTER THESE THINGS

—continued from page 281

sion to improve it. Some perhaps lack that resiliency of mind and ardency of quest which spell eternal progress. In a few there sometimes appears that cold, creeping rigidity of thought and feeling, that eagerness for certainties and finalities which would close doors against freely inquiring minds. But the majority of "saints" at home and

abroad remain in spirit seekers for "whatever is virtuous or lovely or of good report or praiseworthy." Mormonism to them, like Arnold's culture, is "not a having and a resting but a growing and a becoming." It too, would possess the best that is known and thought and felt in the world, and it too would have that best prevail in the minds and hearts of men everywhere.

## THE LORD'S DAY

—continued from page 293

The primary purpose in observing the Sabbath, the fast, and the offerings is to draw a little nearer, each week, to our Lord and Saviour, and receive more of His spirit and guidance. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock," we read in Revelation, "if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me." Has anyone ever heard of a more heart warming invitation?

The church offers us all the opportunity to express our feelings and emotions as well as our ideas on living. By participating in church activities, our talents are strengthened. Many a person actively participating in Sunday School and other classes, has developed the ability to speak before groups, and to teach, by the education acquired while attending his Sabbath day meetings. Moreover, every churchgoer has the opportunity to develop a more substantial character by regular attendance on Sunday. Since a knowledge of God, and an active faith in Him and His works constitute the foundations of Christian character, the church offers the best means for growth in this direction. Observance of the Sabbath is the most effective way to combat negative forces. Let us then walk together in

friendship and amity to our churches each Sunday, and raise our voices and our thoughts in the worship of God.







## BRITISH MISSION

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### arrivals and assignments

The following missionaries have arrived in the British Mission:  
October 29th

<i>Name</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>Assignment</i>
Elder Richard E. Ostler	Pocatello, Idaho	Bristol
Sister Leone E. P. Ostler	Pocatello, Idaho	Nottingham
Sister Erika H. Cummings	Salt Lake City, Utah	Nottingham
Elder Franklin D. Cummings	Salt Lake City, Utah	Norwich
Elder Henry J. Stagg	Salt Lake City, Utah	London
Elder Gerald W. Litchfield	Raymond, Alberta, Canada	London
November 1st		
Elder LeRoy M. Roberts	Preston, Idaho	Scotland
Elder James E. Pennock	Salt Lake City, Utah	Newcastle

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### appointments and transfers

The following district transfers of missionaries have recently occurred:

<i>Name</i>	<i>From</i>	<i>To</i>	<i>Date</i>
Sister Barbara Hardy	Scottish	Bristol	September 24th
Sister Lois Hess	Sheffield	Manchester	September 24th
Sister Jane Russell	Sheffield	Birmingham	September 24th
Sister Sarah-Beth Barnes	Scottish	Manchester	September 24th
Elder Cleworth L. Eckersley	Liverpool	Hull	October 30th
Elder Gene J. Condie	Sheffield	Leeds	October 30th
Elder Claude Dewsnup	Leeds	Hull	October 30th
Elder Dean Luddington	Leeds	Sheffield	October 30th
Elder John Bryner	London	Ireland	October 30th
Elder James Aitken	Scottish	Liverpool	October 30th
Sister Della G. Tuttle	Nottingham	Bristol	October 19th

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### releases

November 7th

<i>Name</i>	<i>Districts</i>
Kenneth L. Noal	Nottingham
Lydia Oldham	Nottingham
Lloyd Oldham	Nottingham
November 21st	
Clyde K. Cummings	Nottingham, Birmingham
John R. Crockett	Irish, Birmingham
James E. Hook	Leeds, Norwich, London
Richard L. Wright	Birmingham, Scotland

# personals

## BAPTISMS

### BIRMINGHAM

October 14th

Margery Rowberry of Kidderminster  
Thomas Rowberry of Kidderminster

*Baptised by*  
Elder J. Crockett  
Elder J. Crockett

*Confirmed by*  
Elder G. Wardrop  
Elder I. Carbine

October 20th

Ralph G. Darby of Birmingham  
Marie P. Jephcott of Nuneaton  
Paul S. Jephcott of Nuneaton  
Christine R. Burgess of Birmingham

Elder I. Carbine  
Elder I. Carbine  
Elder I. Carbine  
Brother A. Burgess

Elder R. Peel  
Elder S. Lee  
Elder A. Day  
Brother A. Burgess

### BRISTOL DISTRICT

October 14th

Eileen E. W. Williams of Plymouth  
Gerald M. Williams of Plymouth  
Terance J. Davies of Plymouth  
Yvonne A. I. C. Wilton of Plymouth  
Rupert A. E. Wilton of Plymouth

Elder B. Cullimore  
Elder B. Cullimore  
Elder B. Cullimore  
Elder R. Jones  
Elder R. Jones

Elder J. Wasden  
Elder K. Albrand  
Elder P. Crockett  
Elder J. Burt  
Elder B. Cullimore

October 28th

Joan A. Lepp of Bournemouth  
Valerie J. Lepp of Bournemouth  
Beryl G. Kilford of Bournemouth  
Lily B. B. Aubrey of Bournemouth  
Enid R. T. Osment of Bournemouth  
Doreen Francis of Bournemouth  
Walter Whitfield of Bournemouth

Elder R. Wolz  
Elder R. Wolz  
Elder R. Wolz  
Elder P. Bullock  
Elder F. Kimball  
Elder P. Bullock  
Elder F. Kimball

Elder P. Crockett  
Elder F. Kimball  
Bro. W. Willoughby  
Elder P. Crockett  
Elder P. Bullock  
Bro. W. Willoughby  
Elder R. Wolz

### HULL DISTRICT

October 13th

Daisy Roberts of York  
Wilfred Roberts of York

Elder R. Hedman  
Elder C. Weeks

Elder C. Weeks  
Elder R. Hedman

October 14th

Elizabeth D. Everett of Hull  
Peter J. Everett of Hull

Elder R. Ord  
Elder R. Ord

Elder R. Romney  
Elder R. Romney

### IRISH DISTRICT

October 20th

Thomas Douglas of Belfast  
Mary C. Douglas of Belfast  
Derek D. Spindlow of Belfast  
Geoffrey J. Spindlow of Belfast  
Margaret S. Spindlow of Belfast  
Lily M. James of Belfast  
Jean F. R. Greenway of Belfast  
Kathleen J. S. Dowey of Belfast  
Pauline A. Dowey of Belfast

Elder A. Dance  
Elder S. Ottesen  
Elder A. Dance  
Elder S. Ottesen  
Elder S. Ottesen  
Elder S. Ottesen  
Elder A. Dance  
Elder S. Ottesen  
Elder S. Ottesen

Elder S. Ottesen  
Elder A. Dance  
Elder R. Lloyd  
Elder J. Hill  
Elder A. Dance  
Elder J. Hill  
Elder S. Ottesen  
Elder A. Dance  
Elder A. Dance

October 29th

Margaret H. Hammond of Bangor

Elder M. Burnett

Elder G. Calder

### LEEDS DISTRICT

October 20th

Joyce Crossland of Dewsbury  
Walter Crossland of Dewsbury  
Mary M. Dodson of Huddersfield  
Helen C. Dódson of Huddersfield

Elder M. Phelps  
Elder M. Phelps  
Elder T. Swainston  
Elder T. Swainston

Elder J. Clarke  
Elder R. Wood  
Elder J. Kimball  
Brother W. Yull

## LIVERPOOL DISTRICT

September 30th

**Carole J. Hooker** of Accrington  
**Antony D. Robertson** of Accrington  
**Marion Worthington** of Accrington  
**Edith J. B. Taylor** of Blackburn  
**William E. Sutcliffe** of Burnley  
**Michael Spencer** of Burnley  
**Roger M. Lord** of Nelson  
 October 7th  
**Norman Scott** of Liverpool  
**Natile Devereux** of Liverpool  
**Margaret E. Griffin** of Liverpool  
**Francis J. Eveson** of Liverpool

<i>Baptised by</i>	<i>Confirmed by</i>
Elder J. Christensen	Elder D. Smith
Elder J. Christensen	Elder J. Christensen
Elder J. Christensen	Elder J. M. Taylor
Elder W. Dibble	Brother H. Shorrock
Elder D. Smith	Elder J. Knight
Elder J. McDonald	Elder W. Dibble
Elder J. McDonald	Elder J. McDonald
Elder H. McEwan	Elder L. Eckersley
Elder H. McEwan	Brother J. Hennessy
Elder G. Thatcher	Elder H. McEwan
Elder G. Thatcher	Elder J. M. Taylor

## LONDON DISTRICT

September 29th

**John T. Ashwell** of S. London  
**Lily E. S. Ashwell** of S. London  
 October 6th  
**Johnny E. Head** of Oxford  
**Isabella M. Tuffield** of Luton  
**Allan W. Cairns** of S. London  
**Zara Mettam** of S. London  
**Enid B. M. Turvey** of Gravesend  
 October 13th  
**Francis J. Short** of Reading  
 October 20th  
**Ethel N. C. Porter** of Luton  
**John D. Porter** of Luton

Elder K. Egan	Elder H. Wilkinson
Elder K. Egan	Elder H. Wilkinson
Brother L. Murphy	Brother W. Normine
Elder P. Gillies	Elder J. Owen
Elder R. Harper	Elder R. Harper
Elder R. Harper	Elder J. Hook
Elder G. Hawkins	Elder H. Wilkinson
Elder J. Hook	Elder G. Pilling
Elder P. Gillies	Elder J. Owen
Elder J. Owen	Elder P. Gillies

## MANCHESTER DISTRICT

October 5th

**Leslie Bridge** of Stockport  
**Leonard S. Davis** of Wythenshawe  
 October 6th  
**Hyrum O. H. Dewsnup** of Bury  
**Lily B. Manton** of Stockport  
**John A. Manton** of Stockport

Elder D. Peterson	Elder G. Earl
Elder R. Marcusen	Elder L. Judd
Brother L. Gregson	Elder R. Dewsnup
Elder G. Earl	Elder D. Peterson
Elder D. Peterson	Elder G. Earl

## NEWCASTLE DISTRICT

September 22nd

**Kathleen Stephen** of S. Shields  
**Olive Pinkney** of Middlesbrough  
**June Edwards** of West Hartlepool  
**Rhona W. Curryer** of Newcastle  
**Maud May Watson** of Newcastle  
**William Watson** of Newcastle  
**Sydney H. Curryer** of Newcastle  
**Leonard Livesey** of Darlington  
**Pauline Livesey** of Darlington  
 October 1st  
**Minnie Selkirk** of Newcastle  
**James M. Selkirk** of Newcastle

Elder G. Spencer	Elder D. Gough
Elder R. Hunsaker	Elder D. Barclay
Elder G. Spencer	Elder D. Gough
Elder H. Cordingley	Elder H. Cordingley
Elder W. Crandall	Brother A. Morris
Elder W. Crandall	Brother A. Morris
Elder H. Cordingley	Elder J. Bench
Elder A. Bliss	Elder G. Sloan
Elder A. Bliss	Elder G. Sloan
Elder J. Puffer	Brother F. Oates
Elder F. Wood	Elder R. Kellis



### NORWICH DISTRICT

September 22nd

**Elsie M. A. Harvey** of Lowestoft

**Keith H. Harvey** of Lowestoft

**Heather A. Harvey** of Lowestoft

**Beatrice J. L. Jennings** of Ipswich

September 29th

**Gracie W. Thompson** of Colchester

**Ann Thompson** of Colchester

**Barry Thompson** of Colchester

**Harold J. Cottrell** of Ipswich

**Phyllis E. W. Cottrell** of Ipswich

**Patricia J. Cottrell** of Ipswich

October 13th

**Barbara M. Boar** of Lowestoft

**Patricia J. Lemon** of Lowestoft

October 14th

**Alice M. Butterworth** of Colchester

	<i>Baptised by</i>	<i>Confirmed by</i>
	Elder R. O. Phelps	Elder R. O. Phelps
	Elder R. O. Phelps	Elder R. O. Phelps
	Elder R. O. Phelps	Elder R. O. Phelps
	Elder D. L. Crane	Elder K. S. Ransom
	Elder R. Hatch	Elder S. Anderson
	Elder S. Anderson	Elder R. Hatch
	Elder S. Anderson	Elder R. Hatch
	Elder J. Allen	Elder J. Allen
	Elder J. Allen	Elder J. Allen
	Elder J. Allen	Elder J. Allen
	Elder R. Phelps	Elder R. Phelps
	Brother R. Godbold	Elder S. Mann
	Elder A. Rosenvall	Elder A. Rosenvall

### NOTTINGHAM DISTRICT

October 6th

**Ella M. Buston** of Eastwood

Elder R. Adams      Elder L. Huff

### SCOTTISH DISTRICT

September 30th

**Elizabeth D. McCormick** of Edinburgh

**Archibald M. McCormick** of Edinburgh

**Aileen Fraser Ross** of Dundee

**Isabella B. A. Fyffe** of Dundee

**George S. Ross** of Dundee

**Georgina M. M. Vine** of Perth

**Peter M. M. MacLauchlan** of Perth

**Fiona I. G. MacLauchlan** of Perth

**Margaret F. J. Forbes** of Perth

**Benjamin Forbes** of Perth

**Davidina W. Leaver** of Perth

October 6th

**Agnes L. McDiarmid** of Perth

October 7th

**Elizabeth E. R. Easton** of Glasgow

Elder L. Jones	Elder M. Rowan
Elder M. Rowan	Elder L. Jones
Elder E. Prete	Elder D. Smith
Elder E. Prete	Elder C. Cutler
Elder E. Prete	Elder C. Cutler
Elder G. Winward	Elder G. Winward
Elder G. Winward	Elder G. Winward
Elder G. Winward	Elder G. Winward
Elder G. Winward	Elder G. Winward
Elder G. Winward	Elder G. Winward
Elder G. Winward	Elder G. Winward
Elder G. Winward	Elder G. Winward
Bro. J. McDiarmid	Elder E. Hilton
Elder W. Davis	Elder J. Dunn

### SHEFFIELD DISTRICT

November 3rd

**Margaret S. Clarke** of Sheffield

**Milton Bradford** of Sheffield

**John C. l'Anson-Holton** of Doncaster

Elder K. Francis	Elder K. Francis
Elder K. Francis	Elder A. Anderson
Bro. l'Anson-Holton	Elder J. Hulme

### WELSH DISTRICT

October 12th

**Hermione W. Ainesworth** of Cardiff

**Alfred Ainesworth** of Cardiff

**Violet M. P. George** of Cardiff

**Rosemarie Ann George** of Cardiff

**Sylvia M. Addinall** of Cardiff

Elder D. Forsyth	Elder R. Howard
Elder W. Evans	Elder D. Forsyth
Elder D. Forsyth	Elder E. Cahoon
Elder D. Seely	Elder H. Rogers
Elder G. Cahoon	Elder D. Whatcott

## THE CHRISTMAS I MISSED

—continued from page 287

the saddle digging into my chest.

I remember little of what happened when I arrived home or afterward. All I remember is that some time later I awoke, and my sister Cora sat by my bed with tears in her eyes.

"Is it Christmas morning?" I asked. Cora smiled as she wiped a tear away. "No," she said, "yesterday was Christmas. You missed it."

"Where is mother and the rest?" I asked.

"Mother is very sick in her room—and Naomi and Stenna are sick in their room—and little Gordon is terribly sick with Mother." She was wiping tears from her eyes.

"Why are you crying?" I asked, "Are you sick?"

"I am not sick," she said, "but you have been very, very sick—and I am

happy you can talk sensibly. You have been talking so strange. We can't get a doctor—and people are afraid to come and help us. I was alone with all of you."

"You did not have a Christmas tree," I said.

"Nobody noticed that we did not have one—you should not have tried so hard to bring it home—too hard work for a ten year old."

★ ★ ★

That is the year I missed Christmas with its gaiety, its tasty food, its shouts of "Merry Christmas."

In a few weeks we were all well and strong and thankful to the Lord for health and life. If I live to the average age of man, I have but few more than twenty Christmases left. Since Christmas is such a joyous time of peace and goodwill, twenty more are all too few. Oh happy time! I do not want to miss another.

## Remembrance

by Dorothy Singer



As Christmas comes  
And Christmas goes  
With bells  
And glistening snow  
We think of Christ  
Who came below

Within the  
Lowly manger,  
Bringing with Him  
To the earth  
The greatest treasure  
With His birth—  
Eternal Life.

## THE THINGS I READ

### about Christmas

“Let no pleasure tempt thee, no profit allure thee, no ambition corrupt thee, to do anything which thou knowest to be evil; so shalt thou always live jollily; for a good conscience is a continual Christmas.”

*Benjamin Franklin.*

“I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round, as a good time: a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know of in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good, and I say, God bless it!”

*Charles Dickens.*

“Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you.”

*William Shakespeare.*

“We ring the bells and we raise the strain,  
We hang up garlands everywhere  
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,  
And feast and frolic.”

*Susan Collidge.*

“I wish you delight in your meeting  
The friends you now cherish as dear.  
I wish you a merry Christmas,  
I wish you a happy New Year.”

*Old Carol.*

“‘A merry, merry Christmas—’  
It’s a little thing to say  
But—from friend to friend, it means SO MUCH  
On this most joyous day!”

*Author Unknown.*

“At Christmas play and make good cheer,  
For Christmas comes but once a year.”

*Thomas Tusser.*

“Our souls are like the sparrows  
Imprisoned in the clay;  
Bless Him who came to give them wings,  
Upon a Christmas Day.”

*Elizabeth Ward.*





Photo by Bethers

## THIS YEAR

May your Christmas be as white  
As lighted fountains in the night,  
And may the season's inspiration  
Bring delight !

May the yuletide be as bright  
As Trafalgar all alight,  
And may the world in faith and hope  
Unite for peace !